

# [Kill La Kill] - Scissor Sisters

**By: Razor One**

Prologue

One or the Other Just Won't Do

Souichirou slammed his fist against the wall.

My...

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## Chapter 4 Snippet 15

You know what? *Fuck* waiting until the end of the month.

\_\*\*\*\_

It was in the midst of sugar and spice and all things nice at the café Sang Frais that Ryuuko's phone buzzed.

"*You would not believe the shit day I've had. (       )*" texted her sister.

'Nee-san! Thought Ryuuko before pounding frantically on the keys.

"*The fuck is going on over there that you couldn't answer your phone?*" replied Ryuuko.

"*You remember how our school was full of stuck up shitstains?*" asked Satsuki.

Ryuuko was about to reply when an immediate follow up message popped up.

"*This school is our school times a thousand. It suuuuuucks. Everyone is rich beyond words and has a pole up their arse.*"

"*Ouch,*" replied Ryuuko sympathetically.

"Ah! The parfaits are here! Eat up Ryuuko-chan!" bubbled Mako happily as she stuffed her face with ice cream.

"*Yeah. I totally understand now where Nonon was coming from when she said she transferred into our old school to get away from creeps like these,*" texted Satsuki, before following up with "*how are things going on your end?*"

"*There are 50,000 students in this school,*" replied Ryuuko.

"What. \_ "

"I'm serious. 50,000. All the schools in the area rolled up into one campus defended by a wall," replied Ryuuko.

"Do they have 3DMG gear too? Could you send some? It'd be awesome if I could just spiderman the fuck out of here when these fops get too into smelling each others butts," wrote Satsuki.

"Chocolate keiki~! I eat what I must, because I can~! This is so nice! And the icing is too!"

"They have some kind of special uniform, but I doubt I can send one your way. Speaking of, Senketsu and his brother say hi," replied Ryuuko, hoping her sister would be able to read between the lines.

*Maybe I'm just being paranoid, thought Ryuuko, But maybe the stalkers have hacked the phones too or something? Better to tell her about the other Kamui in person. Just in case.*

"Uh, hi, Senketsu and Broketsu" replied Satsuki awkwardly.

"I bumped into Kuzuha. She says hi too,"

"She's... alright?" asked Satsuki.

"Yeah. No flakeouts either,"

"That's a relief. I bumped into Hentaikuro over here. Gonna throttle him when I find him."

"Who?" asked Ryuuko.

"Substitute sports teacher."

"Oh! Him! Kuzuha calls him Ai-chan (´▽`)"

"Spare me. Please. (;\_-)/"

"Uwaah! The strawberry shortcake is so sweet! Try it Ryuuko-chan! Try it! Try it!"

*"Seriously though, you need a hand over there 'Nee-san? I can probably skip a day if you need help busting heads,"*

*"Nah, don't, at least not before you're finished up there first. There's one guy here who doesn't seem to have his head completely up his arse even if he is a creep otherwise."*

*"Oh, feeling a bit TsunTsun there 'Nee-san? Never knew you had it in you."*

*"Shut up! I am not TsunTsun for him okay? Stupid imouto!"*

*"Concession accepted. I wish I could be there when you flip around and go all DereDere for him."*

*"Truly you are my sister. Only you can make me want to kill you through the phone. (>\_<)"*

*"I bet he's rich and handsome too. How many babies are you going to have together 'Nee-san? I can't wait to be an auntie you know!"*

*"Not. Talking. To you."*

*"Awww, did I hit a nerve 'Nee-san?"*

*"Nee-san?"*

*"Yo, Nee-san?"*

*Maybe I teased her a bit too much? Thought Ryuuko.*

*"Cuppy-cake Gumdrops," replied Satsuki after a lengthy delay.*

*"Shit. You win. I'm dropping this forever," replied Ryuuko.*

*["You're my honeybun-"](#)*

Ryuuko read no further. She immediately turned off her phone and focused the entirety of her being on Mako.

"Hey, where's the rest of my cake gone?" asked Ryuuko.

"Ah, sorry, I uh... might have eaten it?" admitted Mako sheepishly.

*Oh god. That face. Cute... overload... rage... declining...*

"Ah, it's uh, it's fine," said Ryuuko.

As she turned to a freshly delivered bowl of strawberry ice cream, a voice arose, unbidden.

"Matoi," Gamagoori's voice softly boomed, "you wouldn't happen to know anything about a fight in the teachers car park, would you?"

"Uwaaah! Gamagoori-senpai is mad!" gasped Mako.

"Ah, that... um... I'm sorry about that, it... it won't happen again," admitted Ryuuko.

Gamagoori seated his massive form at their coffee table and ordered an espresso.

"I take it that incident was part of your mission to take down the fight club?" he asked quietly.

"Yeah, apparently they wanted to see if I had the right stuff," replied Ryuuko.

"Ryuuko-chan was absolutely amazing! At first she was like WHAM WHOOM BAM! And then she was like ZIIIIIP RAM CRACKLE POP! WAWAWAWA! ORRRRRRRRRYAAAAAAAAA!" enthused Mako, imitating Ryuuko's fighting motions.

"You were there Mako?" asked Gamagoori worriedly, his habit of calling Mako by her surname slipping.

"Ah! Well, there was this old lady that promised me cake if I wore a blindfold! Except she wasn't an old lady! And there wasn't cake! Why would anyone lie about cake?" bubbled Mako.

"Matoi, I take it you took every step to assure Mankanshoku's safety?" he glowered.

Though his voice was calm, Ryuuko could see from the way he gripped the table, the way he sat on the chair, and from the bulging tendons in his neck, that Gamagoori was anything but calm.

"Yeah, I made sure she was perfectly safe," replied Ryuuko levelly.

"She had me in a princess carry and everything! She was like a knight in sexy armour!" gushed Mako.

"Sexy? I'm... sexy?" spluttered Senketsu at the compliment.

"Good," replied Gamagoori, unable to hear Senketsu, "And surely you mean *shining* armour, Mankanshoku!"

"Nope!" she exclaimed and stuffed another helping of cake into her mouth, "She was naked and sexy and everything!"

Gamagoori shot Ryuuko a look, only to see her blushing in embarrassment at the memory of baring so much skin to so many people again.

"Uh..." he mumbled, dumbfounded.

"Ryuuko, your heart rate has increased, are you alright?" asked Senketsu.

Ryuuko pinched him frustratedly.

"Your body temperature is also rising? You're not ill are you?"

Ryuuko scrunched his sleeve to get him to shut up while biting her lip in frustration.

"Ah, I ah, see..." said Gamagoori awkwardly.

"The pain... please stop... Ryuuko!" begged Senketsu.

Fortunately, Gamagoori's espresso arrived in time to break the tension.

"Well," he said, quaffing his drink in one go without noticing the burning heat, "I'd... better be going then. I'll leave Mak-Mankanshoku in your care."

As he staggered out of the café, Ryuuko looked at his retreating back, then back at Mako.

*He really needs to confess to her, she mused, and she called me sexy... is she?*

"This has coconut!" exclaimed Mako, neatly dividing the order of lamingtons in half.

Ryuuko noted her half was the larger portion.

*Shit. He's in love with her. She's in love with me. And I guess I kind of like her. Sort of. Maybe. Do I? Do I like girls or guys? Maybe both? Oh crap did I just NTR him? Crap, why do I have to think of this kind of crap now? Why can't my life be simple! Arrrgh!*

Ryuuko slapped herself in frustration, surprising Mako and Senketsu alike.

"Ryuuko-chan?" asked Mako.

"Sorry, I just needed to clear my head," said Ryuuko.

*That bullshit has a time and a place, and it's not here. Right now I want to eat cake with my friend. I'm going home with her and I'm sneaking whatever is left into her Dad's wallet as thanks for the room and board. I'm going to have that deep and meaningful conversation with Senketsu later, and then I'm going to bust heads, find out if*



*Dad's killer is here or not and then take care of business with 'Neesan. The feelings can wait.*

She breathed deeply and let out the frustration in a relaxingly long sigh.

*The feelings can wait.*

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## Chapter 4 Snippet 16

Screw it. Have some more.

\_\*\*\*\_

Fire and flame consumed the world of Ryuuko Matoi. Wherever she looked, burning embers raced and flew, charring all that they touched. She held up an arm against the flame, struggling against wind and fire, unsure of where she was going, or even where she'd come from.

"Ryuuko!" yelled a gruff, wizened old voice.

"Dad?" she gasped, "Dad!"

"Ryuuko! Help me!" he shouted.

Ryuuko cast about, looking for her father.

"Dad! Where are you!" she shouted.

"I'm burning Ryuuko! Help me!" he cried.

Ryuuko found him pinned by an enormous pair of scissors through his abdomen as flames licked and burned him.

"Dad! I'm coming!" she shouted.

She charged into the flames only to find them rising higher and hotter the closer she came to her father. Every time she thought she was making progress, the flames licked and burned her ever more painfully.

"Please! Please help me, Ryuuko! I don't want to die here! I don't want to die like this!" begged Isshin Matoi.

"I... I can't! Dad! It's too hot!" cried Ryuuko.

"Please, I'm begging you, if you love me, save me!" he pleaded.

Ryuuko readied herself to charge in again, heedless to the heat or the pain, but found herself restrained.

"Don't, not for him," said Satsuki.

"Nee-san?" asked Ryuuko, "Let me go! I have to save him!"

"I *won't* let my little sister die," said Satsuki as her grip became every bit as iron as her voice.

"No! Dad! I'll save you!" yelled Ryuuko.

She pulled in the opposite direction to her sister, straining to charge through white hot flames and save her father.

"Ryuuko!" screamed Isshin, "Ryuuko! Ryuuko!"

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"Ryuuko! Wake up!" hissed Senketsu as he roughly shook her into wakefulness.

"Buha!? Wha? Haah?!" panted Ryuuko, her entire body on fire with searing adrenaline and cold with sweat.

"You were having a nightmare," explained Senketsu over Mako's snoring, "You kept calling out for your father."

"I was?" asked Ryuuko, "Shit, that dream was fucked up."

"Do you want to talk about it?" asked Senketsu.

"I... I remember fire, dad... I think I was dreaming about dad dying," admitted Ryuuko, the nightmare fading from her mind with merciful swiftness, "I can't remember much else."

"You miss him," said Senketsu.

"I missed him before he was gone," sighed Ryuuko, flopping back into the bed, "He was there for us a lot when we were little, and then one day he just packed us off for boarding school. I was angry about that for so long."

"Most likely, he was working on me," said Senketsu guiltily, "I'm... sorry."

"Don't... don't be, Senketsu," said Ryuuko, "I'm sure he had to have a good reason for packing us off. I just want to know what that was."

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Senketsu, "I have a few of his thoughts, but the reason for my existence is something I was never told."

"Join the club, nobody knows why they're here," grinned Ryuuko before settling into a more melancholic tone, "are any of those thoughts worth sharing?"

"His love for you and your sister was strong," Senketsu ruminated, "Immensely so. He suffered greatly for both your sakes. He feared for your future. I think he knew that creating both myself and my counterpart was dangerous work. I think that's why he kept you away."

"Nothing I didn't figure out already," sighed Ryuuko sadly, "it's a bit weird having a piece of my Dad in my clothing though."

"Excuse me?" asked Senketsu in confusion.

"You've got my Dad's thoughts," explained Ryuuko sleepily, "that means a piece of him is still alive. As long as you're alive, my Dad's alive."

"Ryuuko, I..." Senketsu began, but stopped himself.

*His thoughts, yes, but not his heart, not his mind, nor his soul,*  
thought Senketsu, *Do I tell her the truth now, even though she's still*

*mourning her father?*

"Is that why we're having so much trouble when we fight?" asked Senketsu.

Ryuuko didn't respond. Her breathing had become steady and soft.

"Ryuuko?" asked Senketsu, shaking her gently.

When she didn't wake, the sailor uniform merely sighed and drew up her covers.

"Rest well, Ryuuko," he said, "Tomorrow's a big day for both of us, and you'll need all your strength to outfight a fight club."

*Come what may, he thought, I know that together, we'll win.*

---

"So," said Ryuuko skeptically, "this is the place, huh?"

The 'place' she was talking about was a run down underground parking lot. After a certain incident involving her sister getting bashed up, to say nothing of the Fight Club's initiation test, Ryuuko had it in her head to be extremely wary when she received a note or invitation to meet anyone anywhere for whatever reason.

"I can feel your heart pumping, Ryuuko," said Senketsu.

"Yeah, I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop," she grumbled, "Keep an eye out."

"I only have one," commented Senketsu.

Ryuuko did a full lap of the crumbling parking lot, mostly checking for exits and making sure she had a plan to get the hell out in case things went south, but also to check for anyone lying in wait.

*No one, thought Ryuuko, If they've got these exits covered, and they'd have to if they're really holding this thing two levels*

*underground, then their sentries are damn good at keeping out of sight.*

"I guess it isn't a trap this time, huh?" asked Ryuuko and shifted her guitar case nervously.

"Even if it is, they wouldn't be able to stop us," said Senketsu confidently.

Ryuuko grinned at that. Senketsu's confidence was infectious.

"I guess it can't be helped then," she said, cracking her neck first right and then left, "Time to kick some arse!"

## Chapter 4 Snippet 17

And last one for tonight. This brings SB up to date with SV, who only received this portion about an hour ago. Releases will be more or less simultaneous from now on.

Gonna pull a fine tooth comb for ensuing portions and working on additional snips after my current end point, in which Ryuuko meets a challenging opponent.

\_\*\*\*\_

From the outside it had been a silent crumbling parking lot in a rundown section within Yokohama Academy's defensive walls. Inside and two levels down however, it had become a rowdy and crowded place filled with people and spectators. Ryuuko was initially surprised at the sheer number of students in the much vaunted Fight Club, but then reminded herself that Yokohama Academy's students numbered over fifty thousand, with students from every school that had chosen to band together rather than stand apart.

*Even if they are standing together, thought Ryuuko, they're still standing apart.*

Ryuuko had rapidly lost count of the sheer number of uniforms present. Each student stood with their own groups, rarely mixing with other uniformed students. Of all the students there, Ryuuko felt like she was the only one in a black and red sailor uniform.

She gave Senketsu an appreciative pat at that thought. Being alone amongst the crowd wasn't lonely at all with Senketsu by her side.

"Tonight we have a special presentation to you all!" boomed a voice above the din of the crowd.

### **[SPECIAL PRESENTATION]**

"Tonight, we have a Challenger amongst our ranks! Ryuuko! Mato!"

## **[CHALLENGER]**

### **[RYUUKO MATOI]**

The crowd instantly parted before her, forming a path to the very heart and center of their mass, a brightly lit circle etched in chalk.

"They're not wasting any time, are they?" commented Senketsu.

Ryuuko grinned.

"About time," said Ryuuko as she casually strolled through the partition in the crowd, unhurried by their appraising looks and glaring daggers, "I swear I'm sick of being jerked around."

"But every challenger needs a worthy opponent!"

### **[WORTHY OPPONENT]**

"And this Challenger!" cried the announcer whilst pointing accusingly at Ryuuko, "Wants to rip apart our precious Fight Club!"

A loud series of boos and hisses resonated throughout the crowd. A few pieces of rubbish were thrown in Ryuuko's direction, however a number of tough looking boys and girls quickly cracked down on the rowdy behaviour with harsh glares, harsher words, and where the prior two failed, the harshness of fists.

"You know, for a club that prides itself on having no rules, they definitely have guidelines at least," commented Ryuuko.

"Mmmm," agreed Senketsu, "It may be advantageous later."

"Since the very future of our Fight Club is at stake!" shouted the announcer with rising fervour, "We have not one, but TWO worthy opponents!"

### **[NOT ONE]**

### **[BUT TWO]**



**[WORTHY OPPONENTS]**

"Huh?" said Ryuuko.

"There are no rules!" explained the announcer.

**[NO RULES]**

"But if you're outside the ring, the crowd gets to fight you too!"

"That's totally a rule!" objected Ryuuko.

**[TOTALLY A RULE]**

"It's more of a guideline!" shouted a random boy from the crowd.

**[GUIDELINE]**

"Pfft, whatever, I'll kick all your asses!" shouted Ryuuko.

"And here they come!" shouted the announcer as Ryuuko's opponents emerged from the crowd, "The Crushers of Kobe,"

**[CRUSHERS OF KOBE]**

*That was my work!* Thought Ryuuko angrily.

"The Ravagers of Abekamo!"

**[RAVAGERS OF ABEKAMO]**

*And that was totally Nee-san!*

"The Scissor Sisters!"

**[SCISSOR SISTERS]**

"What." Said Ryuuko flatly as her opponents faced off against her.

The two were clearly *not* sisters. At least, she hoped not, not with the way they were... touching each other, made all the more objectionable based on their tacky and oh so very obviously fetishistic attire. More to the point, the two very clearly had a pair of scissors in each hand and were happily working the crowd like they were a pair of idols rather than a pair of fighters.

Ryuuko managed to keep her anger in check right up until the pair or 'sisters' kissed for the crowds delight.

"Ryuuko, calm down, your blood is getting abnormally hot!" cried Senketsu.

"You fuckin' *whores!*" roared Ryuuko as she leapt towards the pair fist first.

She crashed through the pair, breaking apart their 'taboo' kiss and barreled on by due to sheer momentum right into the crowd beyond the ring.

"Fresh meat!" someone in the crowd cried out as they dogpiled Ryuuko with savage kicks and punches.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" hissed Ryuuko as she reached for the tab on her crimson glove.

A flood of black light and crimson stars exploded forth, followed immediately by Ryuuko's dogpile of Fight Club students.

Ryuuko stood in a small clearing, surrounded by sprawled over and prone students trying their damndest to scramble away from the sheer aura of hate and death emanating from Ryuuko.

"Uhhh, Chari-chan, are you sure it was a good idea to use this getup?" asked one of the 'Scissor' sisters nervously.

"Pfft, she's fakin' it Nami-chan," growled the other 'Scissor' sister, "I bet she sucked off all those boys to uh... uhh..."

To both Nami and Chari, Ryuuko looked every bit the strumpet they'd dressed themselves to look like. The similarity however ended there, as the look of pure hate and rage emanating from Ryuuko's general direction felt well and truly palpable.

"Oi," said Ryuuko with deathly calm as she laid her Scissor Blade across her shoulder, "Why don't you go fuck yourselves?"

She held out a single gloved hand and snapped her fingers.

Nami and Chari's clothing spontaneously *shredded*.

"Kyaaaaa!" cried Nami and Chari in unison, more out of terror than out of shame.

Ryuuko smirked as they ran by, chuffed with her easy victory.

"Victory to the Challenger!" boomed the announcer.

**[VICTORY: CHALLENGER]**

"Is that all you got!?" shouted Ryuuko, "'Cause I'm just getting warmed up!"

"It's not like you to get this easily riled up, Ryuuko," said Senketsu, "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," whispered Ryuuko.

"Bullshit," said Senketsu, "We've fought dozens of times and that was the first time you nearly lost it. It's like they hit a nerve."

*Damn it, I can't lie to this bastard,* thought Ryuuko.

"They were pretending to be us, to be me and 'Nee-san... it was like they were calling her a slut," admitted Ryuuko.

"You're not concerned they were making you out to be a slut?" asked Senketsu.

"Pffft, no, fuck them... but 'Nee-san went through enough shit over that, y'know?" said Ryuuko.

"Ahh," said Senketsu in understanding, "you were protecting your sister. Now it all makes sense."

## Chapter 4 Snippet 18

"PRESENTING OUR NEXT WORTHY OPPONENTS!"

**[WORTHY OPPONENTS]**

**[ROUND TWO]**

"From the southern dorm blocks, a boy who needs no introduction,  
BURNING FIGHTING FIGHTER!"

**[BURNING]**

**[FIGHTING]**

**[FIGHTER]**

A burst of flames exploded as herald to his arrival, a boy clad in what seemed to be a set of medieval knights plate armour complete with a zweihander.

"Fear not!" he announced loudly, "For the Burning Fighting Fighter has arrived to vanquish this foe most foul!"

"What." said Ryuuko.

"And from the western apartment blocks, keeper of the black dragon soul, binder of the demonic eye! YOUR ONE! YOUR ONLY! DARK! FLAME! MASTER!"

**[DARK]**

**[FLAME]**

**[MASTER]**

A second burst of flames, every bit as explosive as the last heralded his arrival. If the medieval plate and zweihander of Burning Fighting Fighter had seemed a bit much to Ryuuko, Dark Flame Master's outfit was worse by far.

The fact that it was all black wasn't *too* bad, though the upturned collar looked pretentious. No, where Ryuuko drew the line was the sheer number of belts. There was a belt around Dark Flame Master's neck, a belt around his waist, four separate belts tied around each of his thighs and shins, and a final fifth belt tied around both knees and joining between his legs with just enough slack to let him walk.

Ryuuko was not one to balk at fashion, especially not since a certain animated sailor uniform had come into her life, but at this she balked. She balked hard.

"What," said Ryuuko once more, "Just, seriously, what? What the shit?"

"What the hell are they wearing?" asked Senketsu, every bit as appalled as Ryuuko.

"What ho! Dark Flame Master, I do believe our opponent doth not take us seriously!"

"Do you not see, Burning Fighting Fighter? She wears the robes of the Whore of Babylon . It is a sign that the Dark Gods of the Netherverse are rising up against us!"

"The what in the what now?" asked Ryuuko.

"I can't understand what he said but I can't help but feel insulted," said Senketsu.

"Let us purify them in the flames of darkness!" declared Burning Fighting Fighter.

"Tremble my right hand! Unleash the flames of hell!" roared the Dark Flame Master.

They both struck Sentai poses with hands outstretched towards Ryuuko as though they were performing some kind of demented exorcism. The moment their arms locked forth in unison, a barrage of flame issued forth from Dark Flame Master's sleeves and Burning Fighting Fighter's sword.

Senketsu reacted before Ryuuko even had a chance to process what was happening, throwing her bodily into a lunge to the side as flames barrelled by where she'd just been.

"Is that fire? Are they seriously using fire?!" yelped Ryuuko as a cold sheen of sweat that had entirely nothing to do with the heat formed on her.

"Would this be a bad time to mention that I'm terrified of being set on fire?" asked Senketsu.

Ryuuko didn't get a chance to answer as a second gout of flame roared forth.

"I'm not exactly fond of flames either!" shouted Ryuuko, the painful memories of her burning home still not having fully healed, "But these guys are pissing me off!"

A third wash of flame roared forth towards Ryuuko. Swallowing her apprehension, she took a step back and launched herself over the flames, straight towards where Burning Fighting Fighter and the Dark Flame Master were launching their incendiary attack. Her momentum carried her right between the two of them.

"My turn!" shouted Ryuuko, swinging her blade towards Dark Flame Master.

He barely managed to dodge in time before turning his arms up to send another gout of flame, but hesitated. Ryuuko smirked

confidently at his hesitation.

*Of course he's hesitating, she thought, if he lets loose he'll hit his buddy.*

The scuffing sound of shoes on pavement alerted Ryuuko to Burning Fighting Fighter's movement, trying to circle around and clear the line of fire.

"Oh no you don't!" shouted Ryuuko with a wide swing of her blade.

Ryuuko's every swing was quickly dodged by her opponents. In such close quarters, she couldn't build up the momentum she needed to strike at them decisively, and what quick thrusts she could manage were swiftly parried.

Ryuuko darted constantly to keep herself interposed between the two in a game of cat and mouse, knowing full well that if she got the distance she needed to shred their uniforms, they'd be able to unleash a barrage of flame.

*How the hell are they matching my movements? She thought irritably, those are only one star Goku uniforms! I've trashed those easily before!*

"Senketsu," she panted, "You think it's time we ended this?"

"Mmm, yes, I have an idea about that," he mused, "have you noticed where their flames are coming from?"

"From their sleeves?" asked Ryuuko before making a quick feint to keep the two of them off balance.

"Think deeper. Those flames need fuel, they couldn't possibly carry it on them, they have no fuel tanks," explained Senketsu.

Ryuuko's eyes widened in realisation. She glanced at the ground and saw it. A pair of hoses leading into each of their Goku uniforms.

"So that's how they do it huh..." said Ryuuko, a savage grin taking form as an idea blossomed in her mind.

Ryuuko rushed towards Dark Flame Master. Carefully, so as not to hit the roof, she leapt over him in a well calculated feat of Senketsu's enhanced strength in the enclosed parking space before neatly landing behind him.

Dark Flame Master whirled around, intent on finally getting his flame on, only to find Ryuuko's dust. He quickly tracked her, a reddish blur running in a semi-circle to get behind Burning Fighting Fighter.

The plate clad fighter quickly sprang away from Ryuuko's reach and leveled his sword at her, intent on sending a wash of flame her way.

"Ah ah ah!" tutted Ryuuko, holding up the pair of hoses that fed their flames, "Wouldn't want to *enflame* an already *incendiary* situation, would you?"

"Thou clumsy words art as clumsy as thy strikes! Thou can'st hittest us! 'Tis a mate of checking!" proclaimed Burning Fighting Fighter.

"Check this!" roared Ryuuko before yanking on both hoses as hard as she could.

Both Burning Fighting Fighter and the Dark Flame Master keeled over, dragged into falling by the very source of their own power.

Ryuuko however was not in the slightest bit content to simply stagger her foes, she yanked and kept on yanking until they both hung by their hoses at her side. She then cracked her neck briefly before she started swinging them with her Kamui enhanced strength in tightly controlled circles as though they were rocks in a sling.

"Stop! Please! Stop! We forfeit!" yelled the blur of Dark Flame Master.

"I wanna go home!" shouted the blur of Burning Fighting Fighter.



"Now you drop the Chuuni shit? Fuck you!" roared Ryuuko, slamming the two together.

A resounding crack echoed throughout the underground fight club, followed by a thud as the two of them crashed the short distance back to the ground.

"Another Victory to our Challenger!"

**[VICTORY: CHALLENGER]**

"It's not over yet!" shouted Ryuuko.

She drew her Scissor Blade and swung at their prone forms, not caring in the least that they were down and out of the fight.

**[SEN-I-SO-SHITSU!]**

Their uniforms, both Dark Flame Master's black leather and Burning Fighting Fighters medieval plate disintegrated into a flurry of red fibers that floated and snaked their way towards Senketsu, who absorbed the fibers with a glow and a gust of steam.

"Now it's over," said Ryuuko, "Scram!"

The freshly denuded Dark Flame Master and Burning Fighting Fighter promptly did just that, attempting to hide their shame and crying for their mothers all the way.

"You enjoyed that," observed Senketsu.

"Yeah," panted Ryuuko.

"Your hands are shaking, though, are you alright, Ryuuko?"

"Shaking?" asked Ryuuko, glancing down.

Sure enough, her hands were trembling.

"I, uh, it's nothing," she said, trying to still her hands, "just the adrenaline."

She took deep breaths to fight off the feeling of something terrible that had taken residence deep in her gut.

"Was it the fire?" asked Senketsu, "you started sweating when you saw it, even though you hadn't been going very hard. And your heart rate was much higher than it should have been during that fight."

"I don't want to talk about it," whispered Ryuuko in a voice on the verge of breaking.

"Are you sure?" asked Senketsu.

"Yeah, now shut up, the next fight is starting," replied Ryuuko irritably.

\_\*\*\*\_

So, this is one of those fights that was dragging things out for quite a while. Hopefully I nailed it. There was meant to be a few more after this one, including a [staring contest](#) as well as a sumo champion, but I felt that these extra fights would only draw out this arc even *more* and that it'd be hashed out and derivative, so I dropped them and cut things a little shorter.

On the character front, you can see in the past couple of snips how Ryuuko has evolved a little as a character. She's a bit more paranoid now given the way she cases the joint before going in, and the scars from her home burning down with her father in it haven't exactly healed either, though she does persevere over that pain for now. Her core is still there though. She wants to find out who killed her dad, she loves her sister dearly, and she's still very much the Ryuuko we all know and love.

The next bit is one I'm having trouble with. I honestly want to sit on it for a day or two before I publish to make sure it isn't some crap I just

squeezed out, so that may slow things down, but I think its for the best since it does cover important events that I don't want to fuck up.

## Chapter 4 Snippet 19

---

universalperson said:  
Go back to your own series!  
Click to expand...  
Click to shrink...

---

References gonna reference.

---

It's been awhile since I've read this, but have the words "Goku Uniform" come up before in this fic?  
Click to expand...  
Click to shrink...

---

It's come up a few times, notably during the first run in with the fight club in the teachers car park. The name would have percolated to Ryuuko anyhow just from her time in Yokohama. While specialty items are reasonably uncommon in most areas, Goku uniforms are the next step and Yokohama is very much the center for Goku uniform development given that Iori is based there, so they're quite common amongst the Yokohama student body. Two star uniforms are much rarer and still barely out of the experimental stage, and three star uniforms... there's only one of those so far. No points for guessing who it's designed for.

---

Destrark said:  
Dark Flame Master, now why is that familiar?....

hmm....

Ah!

Shockz's watches SAO thread where he constantly calls Kirito the Dark Flame Master.

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

---

Shockz himself was using that as a reference to Chuunibyou. The character in question:

[img: <http://i.imgur.com/UD7JPg8l.jpg>]

Yes. He really has that many belts. The only show I've watched where a character had *more* belt was Kent from the anime adaptation of Amnesia, as seen here:

[img: <http://i.imgur.com/l6ToN9jL.jpg>]

Guess which show I dropped like a ton of hot rocks.

Anyway, story time.

\_\*\*\*\_

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Boys and Girls! Tonight you have seen for yourselves the power and the strength of our Challenger!" boomed the announcer, "Do you think she's ready for a *real* challenge?"

The audience whooped and cheered in delight as they knew what was coming. A steady beat of thud thud, clap, thud thud, clap resonated throughout the underground parking garage that served as their arena.

"Bring us Okami-sama!" shouted someone in the ground.

"[Kami-sama! Kami-sama! Kami-sama!](#)" chanted the crowd in time to the beat.

Ryuuko cracked her neck and rolled her shoulders in anticipation.

"Now they get serious," she complained, "I'm getting real tired of being jerked around all the time."

The ceiling cracked ominously, much to the delight of the crowd.

"Presenting, your champion!" barked the announcer, his voice punctuated by the ceiling buckling downwards, "Your goddess! Your hope of salvation against the stalkers! Okami-sama!"

As the announcer's voice climaxed, the ceiling finally give way in a rain of concrete and debris, revealing a diminutive figure standing amidst the rubble and dust.

"... Mako?" gasped Ryuuko.

**[FIGHT CLUB CHAMPION]**

**[MAKO MANKANSHOKU]**

**[AKA: OKAMI-SAMA]**

"Eh? Ryuuko-chan? Hey! You came to watch me fight! That's soooooo coooooool! How did you recognise me anyway? Nobody can figure out its me because of the headband I'm wearing, even though I'm wearing brass knuckles that have my name spelled backwards! Anyway, they say I'm up against someone really, *really* tough tonight! Where are they? Have you seen them? Do they have muscles like Gamagoori-senpai? I hear they totally hate the fight club and want to tear it apart but they can't because I like it and I won't let them because it's awesome and fun and great to beat things up sometimes because I really get frustrated and it helps to keep the weight off and all the boys are big softies that cry UNCLE! UNCLE! The moment you put them into a hold or something I mean really you get a better fight out of girls than you do the guys but maybe that's because the guys think I'm a girl and can't bring themselves to fight me properly but that's stupid since these uniforms give you way more strength anyways so its meaningless to just hold back because someone's a girl or a boy because they can

really open up a can of whoopass just like that in no time flat like how photons experience time because they're travelling at the speed of light so they move through the universe *really* fast but don't feel like any time has passed at all but we move really slowly relatively speaking so we feel time passing and stuff, that's what Einstein said anyway but I think he was wrong about stuff because a lot of what he says makes sense but doesn't really add up, I dunno, it's just a gut feeling I got and I'm feeling a bit hungry but I have to put off eating for a bit more because I ate too many cakes when we went to that cafe together and now I have to diet but that's why I also really really *really* want to fight someone tonight so I can burn off those calories like that and not get fat and stuff and who knows maybe the fight will be really challenging so I can burn off even more and then get to eat more which would be so cool because I really haven't had a challenging fight for a while ever since they started worshiping me as some kind of goddess of punch ons because I mean it's not like I've ever started a fight, Gamagoori-senpai won't let me and it's against the rules and stuff but if someone has a go at me then I may have let a few punches fly and maybe wrestled them into submission on the sly because Gamagoori-senpai can't be everywhere at once unless he was traveling at infinite velocity but that's impossible because the episode where that happened is non-canon so we don't talk about that kind of like how the Calligraphy club doesn't like talking about cockroaches because one of the girls from there saw one and screamed so loudly she caused the building to be evacuated because the teachers totally thought someone was getting murdered and the students thought it was a Stalker attack but it wasn't but people still thought that and it's odd the teachers never seem to cotton on to the fact that Stalkers exist and stuff but happily accept how we amalgamated all the schools in the region into one really big school and-

"IT'S ME!" shouted Ryuuko at the top of her lungs.

"Eh? What's you?" asked Mako, "That kind of came out of nowhere, Ryuuko-chan? What do you mean?"

"It's me. I'm the one you're fighting. I'm your opponent," explained Ryuuko.

"Eh?" asked Mako, tilting her head slightly.

"You promised to help me destroy the fight club and everything!," shouted Ryuuko, "Don't tell me you've already forgotten!"

"EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH?!!?!?!" shouted Mako before the gears in her brain unstuck themselves, "Oh yeah! Now I remember! This was part of Mako's plan!"

"It was?" asked Ryuuko.

"Yup! If we refuse to fight each other, there's no fight club!" beamed Mako.

"Uh, I don't think that's how it works, Mako," said Ryuuko.

"Eh? Why not! I'm the champion you know! If I don't fight you that means the fight club loses and you win by default!" explained Mako.

"Well, yeah, but there's no way that things are that simple!"

"The Challenger is correct!" shouted the announcer.

**[CORRECT]**

"The Champion has forfeit!"

**[FORFEIT]**

"But there must always be a fight club champion!"

"For a club without rules you've got a shitload of them!" shouted Ryuuko.

"They're kinda guidelines though," mused Mako.



## [GUIDELINES]

"It doesn't matter! The champion forfeit so that means I win!" shouted Ryuuko, "The fight club is over! Scram before I beat the shit out of the lot of you!"

"Not so fast!" shouted a voice from the hole Mako had punched through the ceiling, "As deputy club supervisor, I, Kurumu Kuzuha must weigh in on this matter!"

## [DEPUTY CLUB SUPERVISOR]

### [KURUMU KUZUHA]

"Kuzuha?!" exclaimed Ryuuko.

"Oh hello Ryuuko! I see you've been *quite successful* in busting down the small fry!" said Kuzuha cheerily before throwing her a thumbs up, "Good job!"

"What the shit are you doing here?" asked Ryuuko.

"You didn't think a club like this could run without adult supervision, did you?" asked Kuzuha coyly as her professional teachers clothes began to [slide away slowly from her body](#), "And don't give me that look either, it's not like you *needed* my help to tear them to shreds."

"Y-y-you're stripping!" sputtered Ryuuko.

"Mako is taking pictures!" shouted Mako, holding her phone at a low angle for maximum upskirt.

"If you want to win the title of champion of the fight club, you'll need to actually *fight* the champion to get it," said Kuzuha, "Otherwise the *both* of you will have to fight me!"

"Bullshit!" shouted Ryuuko, "There's no way I'd fight either of you!"

"Oho?" asked Kuzuha as the last of her clothing fell away.

Freshly denuded, Kuzuha wore only a series of tightly wound blue leather straps up and down her thighs with strategically placed black utility belts to conserve what little modesty she had left.

"Perhaps you need a little motivation then!" shouted Kuzuha.

She leapt down from the roof and landed in the circle with enough force to crack the concrete below her. With a whirling roundhouse kick, her foot connected squarely with Mako's chest, sending her flying with such force it sent the crowd reeling backwards in an enormous sonic boom.

"Mako!" shouted Ryuuko before turning on Kuzuha, "What the fuck is wrong with you! She's one of your stu-KUH!"

Ryuuko was interrupted by Kuzuha's fist as it buried itself into her gut with the force of a jackhammer, sending her flying into the crowd and a cough of blood to splurt from her mouth.

"I told you I'd kicked more ass than you'd sat on," grinned Kuzuha, "Before I was a matron I was once a delinquent very much like you. Care to see how we kicked ass in my day?"

Ryuuko disentangled herself from the jeering and rowdy crowd that was only so much background noise in a sea of red. Her very life and soul *stung* from that punch to the gut. Not only had someone she'd trusted completely turned on her, she'd kicked Mako with enough force to get Ryuuko to seriously question if she was alright.

"She's strong," said Senketsu, "You can't ignore her, you won't be able to check on Mako until she's out of the way, and that punch didn't do you many favours."

"Tell me something I don't know," growled Ryuuko with barely restrained rage.

"You've only got a few minutes to wrap this up with the blood I have, if I take any more from you, you'll collapse," said Senketsu.

"Then let's not hold back then," seethed Ryuuko before shouting at the top of her lungs and pointing her scissor blade at Kuzuha, "KUZUHA! YOU ARE ALREADY DEAD!"

\_\*\*\*\_

Spoiler for next chap: "That's why she wanted to fight Mato in my place. She said I'd be too rough."

I've been longing to come to this point in the storyline for quite a while now. From the moment I characterised Kuzuha as a badass delinquent in her youth, I've wanted this fight to go down. There are of course more fights to come, but this one alongside one other future fight have had special places in my heart. It's good to finally be here, but it'll be great to see it done and move on to bigger and better things too.

Also, yes, Mako has contradictory goals in both liking the fight club and wanting to keep it together and in helping Ryuuko bust the fight club and breaking it apart. It's Mako. Logic does not apply.

## Chapter 4 Snippet 20

Hot off the presses.

\_\*\*\*\_

"What an interesting turn in developments," said Iori, watching the fight unfold from one of the far walls of the lot, "I suppose this is all according to plan, Kinigase?"

"First, this was all Kuzuha's idea. Second, my name is Tsumugu Kinigase, just call me Tsumugu."

### [TSUMUGU KINIGASE]

"All her idea, huh?" asked Iori, "I thought she actually cared about the students?"

"She does," replied Tsumugu as he puffed away on a cigarette, "That's why she wanted to fight Matoi in my place. She said I'd be too rough."

"Ah, I see," said Iori, "Who do you think will win? Nudist tactics or Kamui power?"

"Honestly? I don't know," said Tsumugu before hefting a rifle, "But if it comes down to a choice between Kuzuha winning or letting that *thing* that Matoi is wearing consume them both..."

He patted the rifle, feeling no particular need to finish the sentence.

"To think a tailor and an organisation of nudists would make natural allies," chuckled Iori, "Truly, the world has gone insane."

"The world was always insane," grumbled Tsumugu, "You've only just woken up to it."

---

Ryuuko [lunged](#) towards Kuzuha with a wide strike of her scissor blades, intent on stripping what little clothing she had and ending the fight right then and there. The blade flew, but failed to connect as Kuzuha leapt upwards and neatly landed on the flat of the blade with a grin. Ryuuko barely had the time to quirk her eyebrow in rage before Kuzuha drew out two hand held needleguns and plastered her with an endless stream of sharp.

Acting on instinct Ryuuko pulled the blade back to use it as a makeshift shield and to rob Kuzuha of her mid-air foothold. Before Ryuuko could draw the blade an inch, Kuzuha had already leapt upwards, flipping in mid air before firmly anchoring herself to the roof and continuing to plaster Ryuuko with fire.

"You fuckin' bitch!" shouted Ryuuko as she all but hid behind her scissor blade, "Those things fuckin' sting!"

"Oh, poor baby, want Matron to kiss it better?" taunted Kuzuha.

Ryuuko saw red. She slashed her scissor blade upwards, carving a massive streak through the roof and where Kuzuha had been. Again, she had leapt out of the arc of death, had found a perch a fair distance away, though this time on the ground, and was once again plastering her with more needles in seconds than a hospital went through in years.

"Ryuuko, those needles are bad news! Avoid them as much as possible!" warned Senketsu.

Ryuuko grunted as again and again she swung wide devastating arcs with her scissor blade, carving up the parking lot and sending students flying. Every time she was entirely too slow as Kuzuha proved to be more lithe and agile than anyone Ryuuko had ever fought. Worse, she felt herself becoming ever more sluggish as the needles did their work.

"Had enough, Ryuuko-chan?" grinned Kuzuha.

Ryuuko had had enough. To address her *that way* so soon after stabbing her in the back drove her anger to new heights. Instead of lunging forth with her scissor blade, Ryuuko opted to lunge forth with her entire body, heedless of the shower of needles, sword in one hand and clenched fist leading the way.

To her surprise, her fist landed, though not on Kuzuha. The poor innocent student slumped under the weight of the punch as Kuzuha held him by the scruff of his neck with a burning look in her eye.

"I pulled the punch just in time," said Senketsu, "If you'd struck him at full power..."

"You bitch," uttered Ryuuko, "This is between me and y-!"

Ryuuko was interrupted as the unconscious student was *thrown* right at her, bowling her over completely. She barely had the time to recover her wits before she felt her wrist for her sword hand get stomped on. Kuzuha then jabbed her rapidly in the kidneys and twice in the head from opposing directions before planting her shin on Ryuuko's neck.

"Guh!" sputtered Ryuuko.

"Almost done," said Kuzuha grimly, before firing another hail of needles into Senketsu.

"I... can't..." wheezed Senketsu, before returning back into an ordinary black sailor uniform.

It was only then that Kuzuha released the pressure from Ryuuko's neck, letting her cough and sputter.

"I guess I won," said Kuzuha, not sounding in the least bit happy with her victory.

Ryuuko was about to say something, when a light shone from the heavens. An [angelic chorus](#) began to chant as a round blur barreled

straight towards Kuzuha.

"HYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" screeched Mako as she delivered a flying kick straight to Kuzuha's midsection, "Mako Mankanshoku is back in the fight!"

"M-Mako?" coughed Ryuuko.

"Ah! Ryuuko-chan! Are you alright? Ehhhhhh! What happened to Senketsu-chan!?" bubbled Mako as though nothing were out of the ordinary.

"I... I think we need a minute," heaved Ryuuko.

"No problem! I'll take care of mean old Kuzuha for you!"

The light from the heavens intensified as the angelic chorus materialised behind Mako. The students watching the fight fell to their knees as they witnessed the hand of their salvation take to the fight with vim and vigor.

"Senketsu, come on, Mako needs help," said Ryuuko.

"I refuse," said Senketsu.

"W-what?" asked Ryuuko, "What's wrong?"

"Everything is wrong!" hissed Senketsu, "We've been fine so far because those we've faced have been weak but enough is enough!"

"What? I don't get you!" snapped Ryuuko.

"Every time I try to connect to you properly you run away," said Senketsu, "What we have is only a shallow connection that demands more blood than I should ever rightfully take!"

"What, you want a deeper and more meaningful relationship with me? You're the fucking clothes on my back and *literally* the closest person to me! What more do you want?!" growled Ryuuko.

"I am not your father!" snapped Senketsu angrily.

It wasn't the words so much as the tone that felt like an enormous slap to the face for Ryuuko. Senketsu *never* got angry with her. He'd always been calm, concerned, or cool, but never angry. It made her heed his next words.

"You think that just because I have some of your fathers thoughts and memories that a part of him lives in me. I wanted you to take strength in that, but I see now that it was a mistake. As long as you think a part of your father is in me, it will always be a barrier to us actually connecting in a *meaningful* matter, it will always be in some way weird and wrong for you, so I'm dispelling that notion. I am not your father. His thoughts and memories might be in me but *I am not him*. I have *never* been him. I will *never* be him. Your father, my creator, and the man we both owe so much to, is *dead*, and as long as you keep thinking he's alive in me you'll never be able to honour his memory!" yelled Senketsu.

Every word stabbed like a knife to Ryuuko's heart and the moment Senketsu finished his rant, Ryuuko burst into tears.

"Ah! Ryuuko! Don't cry!" shouted Mako as her attendant angelic choir ran interference against Kuzuha for her, "Sometimes the bestest of friends need to punch each other in the face!"

"I-I-" said Ryuuko, as overwhelmed by both Mako's and Senketsu's words as much as by her own feelings.

"HALLELUJAH!" called her Chorus as Kuzuha slammed an angels halo with its own harp.

"Eeep! Back to fighting!" yelped Mako before bouncing back into the fray.

A powerful lump lodged itself in her throat as she wrestled with a whirlwind of emotions. Senketsu's rant was absolutely the *last* thing she wanted to hear... and it had been the thing she'd *most* needed



to hear. The way she'd approached her relationship with Senketsu had been all wrong. Senketsu had known it from the start but had accepted her feelings, first out of necessity, and then out of accommodation and loyalty to her, right up until those things would no longer serve either of them.

Worst of all was the guilt she felt. She'd foisted Senketsu into a role he was uncomfortable with just to ease her raw feelings, feelings she'd buried and shoved to the side, but had made their way out anyway.

*I gotta deal with this shit now, she thought, I gotta let it go.*

She physically swallowed the feeling of the lump in her throat down.

*Dad is dead, she thought and accepted it for the first time, What I have left are Senketsu and 'Nee-san. They're the ones I need to concentrate on now, not Dad. Goodbye Dad. I'll miss you.*

The red lines on Senketsu began to glow with power as the part of Ryuuko's heart that had been locked away for so long finally opened up to him.

"Ryuuko," he whispered in awe as he finally saw her for the first time.

"Ah," she said.

As the final connection slid into place, Ryuuko pulled on the tab to her crimson glove. The tiniest fraction of blood flowed into Senketsu, a paltry amount compared to what he'd drank in the past, but ample beyond measure in their new state.

"I get it now," said Ryuuko with dawning realisation, "connecting with you properly... it was never a matter of *wearing* you, it was actually becoming *one* with you, to be in perfect synchronicity!"

"Exactly right!" exclaimed Senketsu as his threads burst forth and rearranged themselves into a new and more powerful form before exploding in a sea of blinding light.

**[LIFE FIBER SYNCHRONISE!]**

**[KAMUI SENKETSU!]**

"Oooooohhhh!" gasped Mako in spite of the fact that Kuzuha had her in an expert headlock and had bruised half her face.

"She did it," grinned Kuzuha.

"Eh? Did you plan this Kuzuha-sensei?" asked Mako.

"Yes, now she can truly-" Kuzuha responded, before Mako interrupted her by reaching up and flipping Kuzuha onto her back, escaping the headlock.

Mako then followed up by bodyslamming into Kuzuha, followed by the remains of her angelic chorus joining in.

"Now Ryuuko-chan! While she's down!" shouted Mako.

Ryuuko grinned at Mako's antics as she hefted her scissor blade.

**[SENI-I-SO-SHITSU!]**

Screamed Ryuuko with a bloody fury, bringing her scissor blade down on Kuzuha and stripping her of what little clothing she still had, utterly. Leather straps and utility belts were shredded to ribbons in the wake of her blade passing by, leaving Kuzuha stark naked in front of hundreds of students.

To everyone's surprise, Kuzuha merely rolled over and stood up, completely unashamed.

"I forfeit," said Kuzuha with a slightly pained grin, before her nipples and crotch began glowing with a pink light, "You're even better than I

imagined, Ryuuko, for what it's worth, I'm proud of you."

She then leapt up through the hole in the ceiling before peering back down.

"Oh, and boys? If I see one picture of me uploaded to the net, I will find you, I will hunt you down, and I will put my foot so far up your butts you'll be able to taste my kneecaps. Bye!"

Ryuuko shot Kuzuha a grim look before she disappeared.

*What the hell was that all about?* She thought, but had no time to ponder as Mako bounced into her.

"Oh my god Ryuuko-chan! Senketsu has evolved! How many times can he do that? I bet this isn't even his final form! He's soooo cool! And you too! You're both cool! And magical! And awesome! Weeeee that was a fun fight!" bubbled Mako.

*Yeah,* thought Ryuuko with a smile at Mako's antics, *fun*.

"Victory to the Challenger!" shouted the announcer from behind a well reinforced bunker.

**[VICTORY: CHALLENGER]**

"All hail the challenger!"

**[HAIL]**

**[HAIL]**

**[HAIL]**

**[HAIL]**

**[HAIL]**

---

Aaaand apparently The Evil Dead reference I wanted to make has been nuked off of Youtube. Such is life.

## Chapter 4 Snippet 21

THE PRESSES! THEY BURN!

---

In the midst of consistent Hails stood a victorious Ryuuko with a happily bubbling Mako by her side.

"Uwaaaa! That was so cool Ryuuko-chan!" beamed Mako.

"Ehehehe, uh, yeah," said Ryuuko feeling somewhat nervous about all the attention being thrown her way by both Mako and the crowd.

She was about to speak up and dismiss the fight club once and for all when Mako's phone [began ringing](#).

"Hello? What? Oh yeah! Sure thing!" answered Mako before passing the phone to Ryuuko, "It's the club president!"

"Huh?" asked Ryuuko before pressing the phone to her ear, "What do *you* want?"

"Very impressive display," said a familiar voice, "I said you had the skills to become the champion of the fight club and you didn't disappoint in the least."

"Where the hell are you so I can kick your ass and abolish this club? 'Cause I'm getting real sick of Gamagoori dragging his feet," hissed Ryuuko.

"I'll message Mako my address so we can have a more private conversation," said the voice, "But before I do, and before you go about abolishing the club, I want you to consider something."

"This had better be good," grumbled Ryuuko.

"Yokohama is the source of all the specialty items and goku uniforms you've seen. The fight club exists to test their capabilities in combat. Dissolve it, and you remove one of the best ways to refine better goku uniforms."

"Which means that the students out there don't get what they need to fight off the stalkers?" asked Ryuuko.

"Very perceptive of you," answered the voice, "You know better than most what it's like beyond the walls of Yokohama."

"Fuck," sighed Ryuuko, running her fingers through her hair in frustration.

*Yeah, I could bend this club over my knee and get Gamagoori to pay up on his end of the bargain, thought Ryuuko, but I can't do that. I won't screw over everyone else just so I can get to that one eyed bitch faster.*

"Perhaps I can offer a compromise?" said the fight club president, "You're the champion now. The club will more or less do exactly what you tell them to."

"So?" asked Ryuuko.

"Not quite as perceptive as I thought then. What was your original problem in the first place?" asked the fight club president.

"Not enough people to check everyone for the one eyed... bitch..." trailed off Ryuuko as she connected the dots, "Oh."

"I look forward to meeting you, Ryuuko Matoi," he said before hanging up.

Mako's phone buzzed a moment later with a message containing the president's address. Ryuuko noted the address before passing Mako's phone back to her.

"Listen up!" shouted Ryuuko above the din, "I said shut the fuck up and listen already!"

Silence echoed across the crowd as they beheld their new champion.

"Let me tell you about this [one eyed bitch](#) at the *top* of my shit list..." began Ryuuko.

\*\*\*

"What the hell kind of stunt are you trying to pull!" snapped Tsumugu angrily.

"Hey! A little privacy here!" exclaimed Kuzuha as she pulled on a coat to keep off the cold.

Tsumugu wasn't having any of it. He ripped off the coat and threw it aside.

"First, privacy in this case is an outmoded concept related to the shame associated with the naked body used to oppress both genders in an effort to control the population along desired paths. Second, you have nothing I haven't seen before numerous times while training," said Tsumugu.

"It's the thought that counts," pouted Kuzuha before glaring defiantly up at her mentor, "as for your question, I believe I just improved our chance for success *significantly*."

"You awakened that *things* true form!" snapped Tsumugu, "The plan was to isolate them from each other and recruit Matoi as a proper nudist!"

"Your plan perhaps," said Kuzuha, "but not everyone agrees with the way you want to run Nudist Beach, and not everyone agrees that life fibers are the enemy you make them out to be."

"Humans and clothing can never be friends, let alone allies," hissed Tsumugu, "Dr. Matoi learned that the hard way."

"And yet still he pressed on in spite of the risks," persisted Kuzuha, "You don't think he would have had a *reason* to do that? That he would have sacrificed his last best years with his daughters for *nothing*?"

"The man was a fool who was killed for what he knew," said Tsumugu, "and you just made that girl even *more* of a target than she was before. You think the powers that be will tolerate a Kamui out in the open like that? Do you think that girl will thank you for all your noble efforts?"

"Doctor Matoi was many things but a fool was not one of them. That girl and her Kamui are the key to victory, I can feel it, and Ai-chan feels it too. If that means I have to make an enemy out of her and her sister too, then so be it," said Kuzuha.

"Clearly you won't be reasoned with," said Tsumugu, levelling a needlegun at her head, "perhaps its best I simply put you down right here."

"Go ahead," said Kuzuha, staring the barrel of his needlegun down, "try and explain what happened to me to Aikuro. Better yet, try fending off Matoi when she decides to hunt you down alongside the girl that killed her father."

Tsumugu scoffed at her words.

"You think she won't?" grinned Kuzuha, "All I did was piss her off. Sure, I'll pay the price when she comes around asking for it, but the reason she's so pissed at me is the same reason she'll hunt you down to the ends of the Earth. So go ahead. Pull the trigger. I *dare* you."

Tsumugu glared at her. He well and truly considered it. His hand shook with barely restrained rage before he threw aside the



needlegun.

"Fuck!" he swore.

Kuzuha let out a breath she didn't know she'd been holding.

"Get out of my sight," said Tsumugu, "I'm done training you. As soon as you can transfer out of here, do it."

"That'll depend on what you're going to do about Ryuuko," said Kuzuha, "are you still bent on trying to separate that girl from her Kamui?"

"Of course," said Tsumugu matter of factly as he lit up a smoke, "But right now she'd turn me into paste. I'll need to step up my training."

"Well," said Kuzuha before delivering a mock salute, "sayonara then."

## Chapter 4 Snippet 22

Apologies for the delay on this. It was a combination of laziness on my part and my nephew's first birthday party taking the wind out of my sails. My muscles still ache D:

And for obvious reasons, yes, revealing Ryuuko and Satsuki's reactions upon meeting Ragyo and Nui would fall under spoilers.

Let's just say it'll be gutwrenching.

\_\*\*\*\_

"MATOI!" roared Gamagoori with enough force to crack the plaster on the walls, "WE HAD A DEAL!"

"Do you have to be so loud?" yawned Ryuuko as Mako snored loudly at her desk, "I been up all night, fuckin' adrenaline."

"YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO CRUSH THE FIGHT CLUB!" yelled Gamagoori.

"Yeah?" asked Ryuuko lazily, "Well they offered me a better deal. 'Sides, they do good work. They're already half way through the school."

Gamagoori glowered with enough force to moderately disturb Mako as she slept.

"Very well then," he said quietly, "I shall not forget this betrayal. Gather your things. You'll be expelled from this academy before the week is out."

Gamagoori angrily left, stomping out of the room with the force of a minature earthquake.

"Meh," muttered Ryuuko, "If the one eyed bitch isn't here then I wasn't much interested in staying then."

"Eeeeeeeeeeh!?" squawked Mako, suddenly awake, "But Ryuuko-chan! I thought we were besties! And deskies! And roomies!"

"I'd love to stay for that, but I gotta find out who killed my dad," said Ryuuko.

"Oh yeah," said Mako, remembering the entire reason why Ryuuko had come to Yokohama in the first place, "I'll come with you then!"

"Thanks for the offer but," Ryuuko paused to yawn sleepily, "a life on the road is no way to live. You have your family, and if you don't keep your little brother in line nobody will."

"That's not true!" shouted Mako, criss crossing her arms over her head as an angelic light shined down with a faint trace of an hallelujah.

"Mako and Ryuuko have been through lots of stuff together!"

Mako held Ryuuko's hand and pumped her fist in the traditional sign of victory.

"Ryuuko fought many battles!"

Mako pantomimed Ryuuko with an angry yet cool looking face, hiking up her shirt and skirt to imitate Senketsu's style, and struck a cool pose with her scissor blade.

"While Mako cheered her on from the sidelines!"

Mako bounced a pair of pom poms in a cheerleading outfit before dramatically throwing them up in the air.

"We didn't fight even when everyone else wanted us to!"

Mako cracked open an egg and ate it raw.

"Because we're besties!"

Mako flushed a broken toilet.

"Deskies!"

Mako pointed in a direction and then batted a ball out of the park to the roaring cheers of an invisible crowd.

"And roomies!"

Mako drank a tall glass of milk, only to snort comical amounts of milk everywhere through her nose.

"That's why the only way we're parting ways is through death itself!"

The grim reaper appeared behind Mako.

"Death itself!"

Mako check-mated Death in a clearly illegal move, causing death to angrily rise up and flip the chess table.

"Death itself!"

Mako ended her hallelujah sitting atop a pile of riches lazily holding a winning hand of cards as Death dejectedly looked on, stripped down to a mere pair of boxers.

"That's uh... that's sweet," said Ryuuko as the apparition of Mako's fantasy world faded away, "But a life on the run isn't exactly glamorous."

"I still remember *that* dumpster..." shivered Senketsu.

Ryuuko had no wish to remember *that* dumpster where they'd sheltered one night from the rain and pressed on.

"Besides, you've still got your family and everything..." said Ryuuko, feeling a minor sting of jealousy.

Mako crossed her arms, pouted, and looked the other way at Ryuuko's continued stubbornness on the subject.

"Our family," she grumbled.

Ryuuko looked down and sighed. She wanted to take Mako up on that. There was precious little family left in the world for her now, especially after Kuzuha had literally punched her in the gut. There was just one thing she wasn't willing to part with.

"Nee-san," she said wistfully, staring through the window and out into the distance.

---

"Yo, 'Nee-san?"

"What?"

"You got my text last night? About Kuzuha?"

"Yeah."

"Well?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"I can't see it, it just... I can't imagine her doing that."

"You weren't the one getting punched in the gut. Bitch can fucking punch."

"She must've had a reason though."

*"Fuck reason. I'm sick of being fucked around by whoever just because it suits them. From now on the only people I trust are you and Mako."*

*"Yeah."*

*"What's with you anyway?"*

*"Just having a bit of a hard time dealing with some shit here."*

*"Hah. Well, stop worrying, I got expelled!"*

*"What the fuck did you do?! ( ) "*

*"I pissed the wrong people off."*

*"No fucking shit Sherlock!"*

*"Meh, I'll be done here soon enough, then we can link up and plan our next moves."*

*"Sounds good, I'm nearly done here myself."*

*"I thought you were having trouble dealing with shit there?"*

*"Different shit. I'll tell you when we meet up."*

*"Boyfriend trouble?"*

*"No."*

*"Just rub your cheek onto his cheek. It'll send him to heaven."*

*"What?! As if I'd do that to him!"*

*"So you DO have a boyfriend! ( ) " ^*

*"Fuck you. Just fuck you!"*

*"So... have you two gone on a date yet?"*

*"Are you going to do something about Kuzuha?"*

*"Nope."*

*"Bullshit."*

*"What do you mean bullshit?"*

*"An older sister knows her younger siblings best. You're getting her back, aren't you?"*

*"....maybe."*

*"When?"*

*"I said maybe."*

*"Maybe is when with you."*

*"Fine. When I feel like it."*

*"Today then huh?"*

*"Go die in a fire already."*

*"Just do us all a favour, hear her out, okay?"*

*"No promises."*

*"It was scorched earth with dad. Don't do that with Kuzuha. Please."*

*"I remember. I won't. Okay?"*

*"Okay. I gotta get moving. Love you."*

*"Love you too, 'Nee-san."*

## Chapter 4 Snippet 23

---

Theburper said:

By the way, why didn't Ryuko and Satsuki ever contact their old school?

[Click to expand...](#)

[Click to shrink...](#)

---

This is a bit of a complicated question, especially since it's not exactly spelled out.

The first and foremost reason, and the one that's 'obvious' to the characters is that when Ryuuko and Satsuki left the gang behind, they were in dire straights. Defeat had been snatched from the jaws of victory after the Hunter attack and her friends were barely able to look after themselves, let alone help out. The second reason, and the one that's quite unspoken but strongly felt by both sisters, is that this is *personal*. Deeply and abidingly personal. They really don't want to involve anyone else unless they absolutely have to. At this point in time, though the search may be slow, they're fairly convinced that they can handle things by themselves.

\*\*\*

Kuzuha yawned softly, wincing slightly from the prior nights exertions, as she walked to her office. The late night coupled with fighting mostly in the nude hadn't done her any favours, though fortunately most of her scrapes and bruises were easily covered up.

*As much as the others hate clothes, they do have their uses, mused Kuzuha, even if it does feel a lot better to go au naturale after all that training...*



Fishing for the keys to her office she paused briefly to see that her door was ajar rather than shut and locked.

*That's odd, I'm certain I locked it last night*, she thought before she stepped in to see Mako Mankanshoku sitting at her desk.

"Mankanshoku?" asked Kuzuha with a quirked eyebrow.

"Oh! Hi there Miss Kuzuha!" beamed Mako happily, all waves and smiles.

"What are you doing in my office? What are you doing behind my desk? In my *chair*?" asked Kuzuha with growing confusion.

"Well... ummm... it's like Ryuuko said... I uh..." stammered Mako.

"Ryuuko..." said Kuzuha softly, "Look, could you tell Ryuuko I'm sorry about what happened last night?"

"Uh, well, uh, you see... I'm supposed to uh... distract you?" stammered Mako, looking past Kuzuha.

Kuzuha sighed.

"She's behind me, isn't she?" asked Kuzuha.

Mako nodded enthusiastically at that.

"She's going to kill me, isn't she?" asked Kuzuha.

Mako looked briefly unsure. Her eyes then widened in surprise and she nodded emphatically.

"I guess we should get this over with then," sighed Kuzuha, "Ryuuk-KUH!"

Kuzuha choked as a gloved hand wrapped itself around her throat and lifted her a foot high into the air effortlessly. The weight of her body settled on Ryuuko's hand just beneath her jaw, making it

impossible to speak, while the grip Ryuuko held made it difficult to breathe.

*Her strength! She's unimaginably strong!* marvelled Kuzuha even as she choked under Ryuuko's Kamui-enhanced strength.

"Why?" asked Ryuuko flatly.

Kuzuha tried to speak but failed thanks to the weight of her jaw physically clamping her mouth shut. She grabbed onto Ryuuko's arm, trying to pull herself up high enough to edge out a word.

"Had to," ground out Kuzuha.

"Had to..." echoed Ryuuko as the barest tremor of barely restrained *rage* churned to the surface.

"Others... would have killed... you," struggled Kuzuha, "shredded Senketsu... had to protect you... had to do it... myself!"

Ryuuko snarled in rage swinging Kuzuha around and into a wall, cracking it and winding Kuzuha. Miraculously, whether through sheer force of will or the tender mercies of Ryuuko's Kamui moderating her strength, none of Kuzuha's ribs broke on impact.

"You stabbed me in the back to protect me?!" snapped Ryuuko, "You call that bullshit stunt you pulled *protection*?"

Kuzuha spasmed as she desperately tried to breathe. She saw Senketsu's large red eye bob up and down a few times, almost as though it were talking to Ryuuko. After what seemed like a few words had been exchanged, Ryuuko relaxed her grip, ever so slightly.

"Yes," heaved Kuzuha as she gulped down lungfuls of precious air, "the person they'd have sent against you... Ryuuko... he's your uncle."

Ryuuko's gaze softened at that, her features becoming thoughtful.

"Hah," said Ryuuko, "hah... hahahahahahaha!"

She laughed mirthlessly releasing her grip and doubling over with bitter tears in her eyes and let Kuzuha crumple to the floor in an undignified heap.

"Ryuuko-chan?" asked Mako, unsure of how exactly to respond to her friend's emotional state.

"Come on, Mako, let's go," said Ryuuko, wiping her tears away.

"Ryuuko," said Kuzuha, "Ryuuko I-"

"Don't," snapped Ryuuko as Mako joined her by the door, "Just... don't talk to me anymore."

Ryuuko stalked out of Kuzuha's office. Mako stuck around for a moment, sparing Kuzuha a concerned glance, before aiming a worried one Ryuuko's way. She had the look of someone torn between wanting to give what her friend needed, and what her friend wanted. Kuzuha didn't envy her in the slightest.

"Uh, Kuzuha-sens-" began Mako.

"Go to her," interrupted Kuzuha, "right now she needs a friend... a lot more than she needs me."

Mako nodded and left, carefully closing the door behind her.

Kuzuha was thankful for small miracles as she hung her head between her knees and cried.

---

The rest of the day passed by in a trance-like state for Ryuuko her overtired and sleep deprived body found its second wind, leaving her both fully awake but also barely conscious of events as they unfolded before her. Chemistry passed into Math, Math passed into

English, English passed into Physics, Physics passed into Art, before the bell finally tolled the end of the day.

Ryuuko had barely noticed that school was out, staring glassily eyed ahead until the room had practically emptied before she managed to connect the time of day with the fact that school had ended. Even Mako was out of sorts, having barely slept at her desk.

"I feel like I'm forgetting something, what was it?" muttered Ryuuko as both she and Mako packed their bags for the trip home.

They were halfway there when Ryuuko's phone buzzed.

*"I'm waiting."*

*"Huh?"*

*"We had an appointment, remember?"*

*"Who the hell are you?"*

*"... the president of the fight club?"*

*"And?"*

*"I invited you over after the fight last night."*

*"Oh. Right."*

*"So... are you coming over or what?"*

*"Uh, yeah, I just forgot."*

*"Well, it's not like I've got anything important to do, so just come around whenever, take your time, no rush."*

*"Don't get your knickers in a twist, we'll be there, shitlord."*

Ryuuko angrily flipped her phone shut before another snarky reply could be sent.

"Change of plans," announced Ryuuko, "we gotta go see the fight club president."

Mako turned to look at Ryuuko with heavy lidded, barely open eyes, a trail of drool running from the corner of her mouth.

"Gluuuuhhhh?" asked Mako uncomprehendingly.

"Nevermind, this way," said Ryuuko, physically dragging Mako in a different direction.

Last edited: Mar 25, 2015

## Chapter 4 Snippet 24

**\*\*grumbles about how long this last one took\*\***

Lotta stuff been happening. Had to visit the ex for a bit, some enforced holiday which should have been a boost to my writing but turned into a neverending desert of writers block, the hunt for a good job and the search for a good piece of real estate to tie myself too have all been taking up my time lately, which would be nice if I had anything to show for it.

The good news? I got through that desert.

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Ryuuko stood in front of the door to the fight club presidents home just waiting for the other shoe to drop. Mako lay slumped against the wall nearby, passed out and snoring loudly. Wanting to get things over with she hammered the doorbell repeatedly.

"Alright I'm here!" groused a voice on the other side of the door, which swung open to reveal...

**[IORI SHIRO]**

**[FIGHT CLUB PRESIDENT]**

"Wow, you look wrecked," said Iori, "Have you *really* been up since before the fight?"

"Uh, yeah," said Ryuuko, surprised that the fight club president looked nothing like she'd pictured.

"Well, come in, we've got a bit to discuss. You need a hand with Mankanshoku?"

"Mankanshoku?" glowered the familiar voice of Gamagoori as he loomed over Iori's shoulder, "Matoi? Iori, what's the meaning of this!"

"This conversation is not for other's ears, Gamagoori, bring in Mankanshoku and we can get started," said Iori.

Gamagoori shot an accusatory look at Iori and a venomous one at Ryuuko before casting a much gentler gaze at Mako as he carefully scooped her up in the palm of his enormous hand. Upon feeling the warmth of his hand, Mako wriggled and snuggled into the palm, whispering 'senpai' intermittently between snores and a growing puddle of drool.

"Would you like some tea?" asked Iori as Ryuuko entered the living room.

"Uh, yeah, sure," said Ryuuko.

Iori poured tea for himself, Gamagoori and Ryuuko under Gamagoori's watchful gaze. Ryuuko noticed Iori's crippled arm but said nothing, accepting the tea gratefully and taking a small sip.

"Explain yourself Iori," said Gamagoori irritably, "you said you had a confession but I don't see why *she* needs to be here."

Ryuuko returned Gamagoori's glare back to him full force.

*I am too tired to deal with his shit,* thought Ryuuko.

"I am the fight club president," said Iori.

Ryuuko didn't bat an eye as she already knew, but Gamagoori quirked an eyebrow before letting forth a disbelieving chortle.

"That's rich considering the one who conquered that club is sitting right here," said Gamagoori.

Ryuuko suppressed a smirk at Gamagoori's ignorance that he was in the presence of not one but two fight club champions.

"She's just the current champion," said Iori, "the president is the one in charge of organising fights and fight locations. That's me."

Gamagoori paused with his tea halfway to his mouth. He gently placed his teacup on the table before growing three times larger and literally hitting the roof hard enough to crack it.

"WHAT?!" he roared before getting a grip on his temper, "Iori we discussed this last year! A fight club to test those goku uniforms was unsafe then and is unsafe now! That one sprang up regardless is-"

"Is not a coincidence!" snapped Iori.

"You went behind my back," realised Gamagoori, "Iori we're *friends*."

"Yes, I went behind your back," explained Iori, "the students *begged* me to give them better uniforms. I *needed* to make them better to make sure they could fight off stalkers."

"The stalkers are not a threat to us as long as the walls of Yokohama stand," dismissed Gamagoori, "Goku uniforms are simply a better means to keep students safe, not for fighting."

"Tell that to every student beyond the walls," growled Ryuuko, "do you have any idea what it's like not knowing you're safe, even in your own school?"

"That is not my concern, only the student body of Yokohama Academy concerns me," replied Gamagoori.

"Matoi has a point," said Iori, "we can't just turn our back on everyone outside these walls. They need combat uniforms, not something that will resist a knife or help them run a little faster or punch a little harder. They needed better uniforms and the fight club was the best way to do it. Besides, not everyone here has the same faith in the walls that you do."



"Those walls are thirty feet thick and twice as high and is patrolled by our best student safety supervisors," dismissed Gamagoori, "anyone who still feels that *filth* can get in is being needlessly paranoid."

"Walls couldn't keep the Mongols out of China and they won't keep the stalkers out of Yokohama," said Ryuuko tiredly, "that's a cold hard fact."

"I don't particularly care what you think," huffed Gamagoori.

"You should," said Iori, "her father is the reason speciality items even exist."

"Wait, what? What about my father?" asked Ryuuko very suddenly attentive.

"Touching as this discussion might be, Mankanshoku is clearly in need of her bed. I shall take it upon myself to deliver her home while you two reminisce," declared Gamagoori before picking himself up with Mako still drooling into his enormous hand and leaving.

"You knew who my father was?" asked Ryuuko as Gamagoori shut the door behind him.

"Sadly no, but he did pass on some of his research to me," said Iori.

"His research..." muttered Ryuuko, absently rubbing her hand along one of Senketsu's scarves before continuing, "what kind of research? He said he researched the effects of cloth on skin."

Iori's eyebrows rose at that.

"He wasn't lying, that much was certainly true," he said, pulling a jar from a nearby cupboard, "tell me, do you recognise this?"

Ryuuko blinked a few times as she saw a bundle of red strands sitting in the jar with only a faint reddish glow about them. It took a few moments for her sleep addled mind to make the connection.

"That's the stuff that Senketsu eats every time I shred a speciality item!" gasped Ryuuko, "what's the deal with that anyway?"

"I'm not sure," said Iori, "All I know is that Life Fibers are in every piece of clothing and that your Senketsu is made entirely out of them. The fact that you're able to wear a pure Life Fiber construct is, frankly, amazing."

"Wait, what?" asked Ryuuko, blinking tiredly as her tired mind tried to connect all the dots.

"I can't say for certain without testing, but I'd say that nobody else could wear your Senketsu..." said Iori.

*And get away with it*, he finished the sentence only in his thoughts, ever mindful of the failed experiment that gave him an effectively dead left arm.

"As if I'd allow anyone but Ryuuko to wear me," glowered Senketsu.

"What about 'Nee-san or Mako?" asked Ryuuko softly.

"I... well... of course they're okay too..." said Senketsu.

*Is he blushing?* Thought Ryuuko, *I swear he's blushing right now.*

"Fascinating," said Iori, "Is Senketsu capable of speech? How intelligent is he?"

"Yeah, but only me, 'Nee-san and Mako can hear him, and he's pretty bright," said Ryuuko.

"Good, good!" said Iori, furiously scribbling down notes, "I've been told that he can transform, would you be able to demonstrate?"

"What for?" asked Ryuuko.

"For the glory of science?" asked Iori, "Senketsu is almost certainly your father's work, just seeing this transformation could accelerate

my own work on goku uniforms. Two stars are all well and good but it's the three star uniforms that are giving me the most trouble and I've never had a research assistant... Please?"

"I-I... alright I guess I could, as long as we don't take too long," acceded Ryuuko.

\*\*\*

*Three. Fucking. Hours.* Thought Ryuuko as Mako's home finally came into view, *He just wouldn't stop. Research assistant my incredibly fine ass I was more like a fucking guinea pig to that nerd.*

Ryuuko mentally slapped herself to stop her incessant inner grumbling. She was mentally, physically and emotionally exhausted after the last two days events, and the fact that she'd had not one iota of quality rest was taking its toll. Even Senketsu was so utterly tired that he was limply snoring instead of his usual quiet and watchful self.

"Hello Mrs. Mankanshoku, sorry I'm late," slurred Ryuuko.

"Oh my! Ryuuko-chan!" gasped Sukuyo, "You look even more tired than Mako! And she was asleep when Gamagoori-san brought her around from their not-date!"

"Their what?" asked Ryuuko in confusion.

"Come on! To bed with you!" insisted Sukuyo, "You can have a big and special breakfast in the morning! Scoot! Scoot!"

"Hu-bwah?" Ryuuko protested half heartedly as Sukuyo pushed, shoved and otherwise manhandled her towards Mako's room.

They both burst through and to Ryuuko's entire lack of surprise Mako didn't even wake up as she snored with all the quiescence of a chainsaw. Before Ryuuko could think, Sukuyo had slung her guitar case under the window, forcibly disrobed Ryuuko, hung Senketsu on

a rack hanging off the curtain, and had all but thrown her into the top bunk of her bed before finishing things off with a tucking in that was as brutal as it was tender.

"I'll see you in the morning, good night, Ryuuko-chan!" smiled Sukuyo, punctuating her words with a gentle head pat.

"Good nigh..." slurred Ryuuko, asleep before she could ever finish her sentence.

\_\*\*\*\_

I have to admit that I don't really care for this particular installment. A lot of it is filler, exposition or positioning for the next and final arc of this chapter, an arc that has had plenty of breadcrumbs, setup and foreshadowing in prior bits, so it may be beneficial to refresh those memories. I have to hand it to Trigger, making Aikuro do all the exposition in all his stripperific glory was entertaining as fuck, whereas here it's a lot more boring and sober, and since the reader likely already knows it already, a bit of a rehash. Still, Ryuuko had to be clued in a bit, and the bit towards the end with Iori does show that without Inumuta to Science!Bro things up with, he's both lonely and hamstrung in his research.

Next part has already been plotted, both on paper and in my head, for quite some time. I'm projecting 10,000 - 12,000 words or so, with more or less depending on whether I decide to add stuff or remove as I go. For comparison, the entire Fight Club arc, starting from when Ryuuko met Kuzuha in her office to the last word up above weighs in just shy of 18,000 words, so, shorter, but more action packed. Of course, nothing ever goes to plan, so...

Well, either way, the next and final arc for this chapter is starting up. After that, we'll be switching to the long-absent and concurrent adventures of Satsuki Matoi, though there may be an interlude or breather chapter involving other parties, depends on how I feel when I get to that point.